THE SOUTHAMPTON GUIDE:

OR

An ACCOUNT of the ancient and present STATE of that TOWN.

Containing a concise DESCRIPTION of its

FORTIFICATIONS,
CHARITABLE FOUNDATIONS,
CHURCHES,
SCHOOLS,
TRADE,
GOVERNMENT,
FAIRS,
MARKETS,
PLAYHOUSE,
ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
GENTLEMEN'S SEATS in its ENVIRONS,
REMARKABLE PROSPECTS
PLEASANT RIDES,
BATHS, &c.

TOGETHER WITH

The Times of going out and coming in of the DILIGENCE, STAGE-COACHES, WAGGONS, POSTS, &c.; and Rates of CHAIRS.

To which is added,

A Description of the most remarkable Remains of ANTIQUITY to be met with in this Neighbourhood;

Also,

The ISLE OF WIGHT, LYMINGTON, LYNDHURST, ROMSEY, REDBRIDGE, MILLBROOK, TICHFIELD, &c.

To this Edition is added,

SOUTHAMPTON ROOMS: A SATYRICAL POEM.

Also, A perpetual TIDE TABLE, &c.

Urbs speciosa situ, nitidis, pulcherrima tectis,
Grata peregrinis, deliciosa Suis. JOHNSTON.

SECOND EDITION, ENLARGED.

Printed and sold by T. BAKER, *Southampton*.
Sold also in *London* by J. BEECROFT, and S. CROWDER, *Paternoster Row*, J. BELL, *Strand*, and all other BOOKSELLERS. M DCC LXXV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

The PREFACE.

NO pains have been ſpared, nor expences regarded, to make the following work inſtructive and entertaining to the public, particularly to thoſe who viſit Southampton in the ſummer ſeaſon.

The moſt valuable materials have been collected from authentic records, and the beſt eſteemed authors, the venerable repoſitories of ancient manuſcripts ſearched, and the droſs of unpurified ore cleared away, to preſent the public with unallayed Sterling.

The reader will find here a copious detail of hiſtorical facts; and a diffuſed account of the town and places adjacent. The authors from whom this work is compiled are not always mentioned, as it would have filled it with a heap of proper names without any meaning.

The reader may reſt aſſured, that nothing has been adopted but from the very beſt authorities, as well as a perſonal aquaintance with the ſubjects treated of. And he will

find, that this Guide is one of the cheapeſt books extant, conſidering the labour and expence which have attended the execution of it.

As the generality of perſons are apt to be ſtruck with reverential awe and pleaſing melancholy, at the gloomy proſpect of the mouldering ruins or ſtanding monuments of antiquity; and as this county, but particularly Southampton, affords, in a very ample manner, that ſolemn pleaſure to reflecting minds; it has been judged proper to inſert a conciſe account of whatever merits the attention of the antiquary, the curious, and the penſive. This Guide is likewiſe meant to accompany Ladies or Gentlemen, in their rides, thro' the moſt delightful country in the kingdom.

As to the execution of the whole, the reader will be a better judge than the author, (who cannot claim that privilege in his own cauſe) whether it merits cenſure or applauſe. He has uſed his utmoſt efforts to gain the latter, and ſhould be extremely ſorry to incur the former.

SOUTH-

SOUTHAMPTON ROOMS:

A SATYRICAL POEM.

WHILE various Themes the Muſes train invite,
And lofty ſtrains ſuperior Bards delight;
While ſome can Verſe to none but Peers afford,
And find a thouſand virtues in *My Lord*;
While the ſtarv'd rhymer, ſlighted by the NINE,
Dreams of PARNASSUS, and forgets to dine;
Are there not Strains unnotic'd by the throng,
Which yet unblam'd may grace the poet's ſong?
The MUSE who nightly on my call attends,
And ſtill her love with ſweet Inſtruction blends,
Ev'n *now* before me ſtood confeſs'd to view,
She bade me ſing, and choſe the ſubject too.

NEAR thoſe green ſhades *—the haughty *Norman*'s
ſhame—
Riſe HAMPTON'S tow'rs, well known to ancient fame,
Where the gay Train at ſtated times repair,
To loſe their cares, and breathe ſalubrious air;
There ev'ry Muſe and ev'ry Grace combine
To charm the ſenſes, and the taſte refine.

* *New Foreſt*; to make which, a vaſt number of houſes and churches were overthrown.

THY

THY ſpires, SOUTHAMPTON, glittering on the morn,
Thy gates, which dreadful warlike Chiefs adorn,
Thy time-worn tow'rs, by many an Age decay'd,
And walls with venerable moſs array'd;
Thy beauteous Maids for chaſtity renown'd;
Thy Bards, each ſeaſon, with freſh laurels crown'd;
When I forget them may I ceaſe to ſing,
Or "prove the *idle Poet* of a K——g!"

YET not the Muſe ſincere can partial prove
Ev'n to the deareſt object of her love,
Well pleas'd to praiſe, yet ſometimes forc'd to blame,
By honeſt means ſhe ſoars to honeſt fame,
Keeps TRUTH for ever preſent to her view,
And gives to Satire what is Satire's due.

CAN we admire, amidſt the vary'd crowd,
To meet the ſordid, the moroſe, or proud,
Or while the pert and idle trip along,
To view mad Folly mingling in the throng?
If theſe offend, in Truth's bright mirrour ſeen,
The poet *makes not*, but *deſcribes*, the ſcene.—
But hark! the lofty, ample doors unfold,
Harmonious turning as on hinge of gold;
The Train pours in, the young the grave advance,
Nor Age itſelf denies to lead the dance
All gay and glorious! How each count'nance blooms;
From ev'ry breaſt how *Zephyr* ſteals perfumes!

Aſk not if NATURE all theſe ſweets beſtow,
She bids indeed the *vulgar* roſe to blow,
With age it *withers*—ART alone can give,
On the pale cheek, the beauteous bloom to live;
ART can, alone, make ſweeteſt ſcents exhale
From thoſe whoſe breath would taint the paſſing gale.

Lo! where NERISSA mingles with the throng,
And dreams ſhe leads the courtly Train along.
Has ſhe not charms?—"Oh yes!" the room reſounds,
There muſt be charms in *Twenty thouſand pounds!*
Has ſhe not charms, aſk yonder youth who quits
Surrounding belles, ſmart girls, and *London* wits!
Nay, for her ſake, the fair ELMIRA leaves,
Who ſighs deſerted; but in vain ſhe grieves—
Love conquers all, by ancient Bards we're told;
But *modern* Love gives way to conqu'ring gold.
NERISSA triumphs—to her car ſhe chains
The vanquiſh'd youth, who ſighs in melting ſtrains:
Thoſe *melting* ſtrains the Victreſs ſoft returns
With unfeign'd paſſion for the youth ſhe burns;
In liſping accents is her love confeſs'd,
She pats his cheek, and leans upon his breaſt.
Why ſhould the maidens taunt, the witlings ſneer?
NERISSA is—*but* in her *ſixtieth* year.

WILL this move wonder?—Do but yonder view
The old Sir GAM that tripping laſs purſue,
While *ſhe* has *youth* and *he* has *gold* to ſpare,
Faſhion will ſtill pronounce the bargain fair.

'Tis fit the gouty Knight ſhould draw his purſe,
His wife or miſtreſs—always ſaves a nurſe.

CAN LOVE behold his rites by ſuch profan'd,
By ſuch can HYMEN ſee his honours ſtain'd,
And not in vengeance give his wrath to flow
In one vaſt torrent of connubial woe,
While Jéalouſy, Diſtruſt, Averſion, wait,
And curſe, completely curſe, the wedded ſtate!

SIR MACAHONE, you ſee too, is come down,
Sir MACAHONE, but juſt return'd from town.
" Oh! ſuch an air and mien", (my Lady cries),
" Dear Mrs. DAINTY, did you mark his eyes—
" Nay, you *ſhall* know him: Well, I do profeſs
" That chit Miſs TWITTER's ſo completely bleſt—
" Lud! ſure the girl has got a birthday-ſuit;
" But then her *father!* What a vulgar brute,
" *She* cannot hope to carry ſuch a beau;
" The Baronet can never ſtoop ſo low."—
" Dear Lady GRIZZLE! but he is ſo bold,
" (they ſay)"—" Oh Ma'am! he's worth his weight
" in gold.
" But here's my Lady BAB—Lud! how ſhe'll rant;
" For Lady BAB, you know, is TWITTER's aunt!
" And the dear man himſelf! Well, TWITTER's loſt!
" She ne'er was fam'd for Wit, although a toaſt."

Sir MACAHONE when young from LIFFEY's ſide,
To *England* came to ſeek a wealthy Bride,
Wit, Gameſter, Captain, various ſhapes he try'd,

Through

Through many a motley ſcene ſucceſsleſs paſs'd,
He turns the Man of Quality at laſt;
To dear *Southampton* fails not to repair,
And quickly wins the hearts of half the Fair.—
But huſh! it has been whiſper'd here of late,
Sir MAC—— has neither Title nor Eſtate.

MY Lady TROMPINGTON comes next in view,
A *London* Widow, rich and buxom too;
Freſh health, freſh ſpirit, in her looks appear,
A toaſt, tho' in her ſix-and-thirtieth year.
How lively ſhe, how *debonnaire* and gay!
How happy!—were but EMILY away.—
" You have a daughter, Ma'am, ſo young and fair."—
" Oh! name her not, a chit not worth your care,
" A forward Miſs—a *woman* by all means,
" And yet the girl has never ſeen her Teens."—
" My Lady TROMPINGTON, ſure you miſtake,
" For Miſs was born before I knew Lord RAKE,
" And we've been marry'd ſixteen years, I vow."—
" I'm ſure that's what I never can allow,
" You ſure muſt think I know my daughter's age,
" And that is three years leſs, I dare engage."

ALL this, by chance, if young ÆMILIA hears,
Heav'ns! how her mother in her eyes appears:
But then her Ladyſhip has got a tongue,
And Miſs is ſnubb'd *becauſe Mamma is young*.

BUT wild BELL FLIPPANT no ſuch laws reſtrain,
Deliver'd early from a *mother*'s reign.

Ere thrice five ſummers have matur'd her charms,
Her riſing boſom beats with ſoft alarms;
At ball or play, ambitious ſtill to ſhine,
She thinks her beauty more than half divine.
A dozen ſwains muſt all her ſteps attend,
A dozen worſhippers at her ſhrine muſt bend;
And moſt ſhe glories when, by childiſh wiles,
She deems another's lover ſhe beguiles.
Yet while her faithful Train her charms extol,
The Duke of BARNET ſwears ſhe's but a doll.
Sir HURLY BURLY laughs at her outright,
And Miſs PEWITZEN calls her *child*, in ſpite:
Nay, Madam BOWZER, when ſhe loſt Sir HUGH,
Declar'd ſhe'd give the *Babe correction* due.
But what of this! Shall BELL forego the field,
When to her pow'r ſo many heroes yield?
Forbid it Pride! nay more, forbid it Shame!
"I'm now a Toaſt, and ſhall I loſe my fame?
"Does not his Grace of BASSET take delight
"To play and dance with me each Public night?
"Don't in my train the two Lord BUBBLES ſhine;
"And, above all, Sir MACAHONE is mine!
"He's ready to protect me with his life,
"And—if I *pleaſe*—make me his *Lady-wife*."

THUS reaſons BELL, and ſpends life's early ſpring,
An idle, giddy, diſcontented Thing;
Nor ſeeks one charm or virtue to engage,
In the full ſummer of maturer age;

Each

Each batter'd rake ſtill deems the girl his prey;—
Who *flatters* moſt will bear the prize away.

WHO has not heard of our Miſs CRAMPLEY's fame;
What honours may not DORCAS CRAMPLEY claim?
Who, of baſe men and treach'rous wiles afraid,
Full five-and-forty years has liv'd a Maid,
And ſtill, though tir'd of the unſocial life,
Swears "ſhe can't *think* of being made a Wife."
"But did you hear how Lord JOHN RATTLE talk'd?
"I'm ſure his Lordſhip has been greatly baulk'd.
"Yet ſtill theſe men, without or ſhame or fear,
"Will tell their love-tales in a maiden's ear;
"Ah, what a life is mine!—Good morning, BAB;
"Miſs TWITTER's grown as ſour as any crab;
"And ſo's BELL FLIPPANT—Pray, let *either* take
"That precious Gift of Heav'n, their *Iriſh* Rake.
"I *hate* the men; but I'll be judg'd by you
"What in my caſe can a poor Maiden do:
"I muſt hear all, but yet I'll yield to none!—
"*Or yield to dear Sir* COCK-A-HOOP *alone.*"

SIR COCK-A-HOOP!—ſcarce fit to go to ſchool,
The Lady's plaything, and the Muſe's tool!
Proud without honour, without talents vain,
Dup'd by a fawning, flatt'ring, idle Train;
He ſwims along in all the pride of dreſs,
As if his Riches made his Folly leſs.
If in cloſe conclave with his Fools to ſit,
And call himſelf the arbiter of wit,

If ******'s *damn'd* pieces, drawling to rehearſe,
Or penning dull lampoons in doggrel verſe;
If talk eternal;—(talking to no end);
While ſcarce a blockhead will his ſpeech attend;
If to the Town th' ambiguous jeſt t' afford,
" *And now* a LADY trip, *and now* a LORD;"
If *theſe* are *talents*, then the Knight ſhall ſhine,
At leaſt if Verſe can make him ſo, Divine.

BUT ſee who yonder gravely ſtalks along;
Say, Muſes, is he a ſubject for my Song?
" From fair AUGUSTA, lo! the ſage withdraws,
" And leaves a while, to plead his country's cauſe."
What Orator is this ſo far renown'd?
What Senator, with deathleſs laurels crown'd?
" Not by ſuch titles he aſpires to Fame!
" A *Patriot!* and MALVOLIO is his name."
Can there be aught more ſacred, Muſe, unfold!
Though rolling years return an Age of Gold,
Than he who burning with his country's love,
Would every rough Extreme of Danger prove,
Face foreign foes, curb arbitrary pow'r,
And check Rebellion in the dang'rous hour?
" 'Tis mighty well of ſuch a one to ſing;
" But our MALVOLIO aims at no ſuch thing;
" To quit his trade, to crowd a common-hall,
" And loud for W——s and Liberty to bawl;
" To prate of tyranny among the Great,
" *Himſelf* a tyrant in his petty ſtate;

" To

" To drink *Boſtonian* freedom in a bowl,
" Round which a thouſand aukward emblems rowl;
" To talk of fancy'd grievances and woes,
" And with the ſpeech of W——s to wipe his noſe;
" Theſe are his *virtues*—what his *vices* are,
" His intimates and family declare."
But here we ſtop: 'Twere labour thrown away
Should we diſſect this Inſect of a day!

NEXT ſee the raw-bon'd ARCHY B—— proceed,
A bonny laddie, from the banks of TWEED;
His air is lofty, but his means are ſmall,
Yet leſs may ſerve for one who ſaves his *all:*
From ancient SCOTIA's land, in happy time,
He ſought the warmer (*wealthier*) *Engliſh* clime;
Full of himſelf, with ſcorn his peers he ey'd,
And what his av'rice ſought his pride deny'd:
To nurſe mean pride his character has been,
Which almoſt makes œconomy a ſin.
Late to *Ierne*'s land the *loon* repair'd,
As '*kenning*' to live there *lik' ony laird*;
But not th' indignant ſhores his feet retain,
Cruel *Ierne* ſends him back again.
Now thrice three moons in *England* has he mix'd
With MEN, and here his *ne plus ultra* fix'd.
This is the country for whoſe wealth he burns,
And from whoſe bourn the *Scotchmen* ne'er returns.
He with MALVOLIO ſtill a war maintains,
Both ſtand invincible—for want of brains;

With

With W——s and B—ll *one* tags the lame diſpute,
The *other* raves all day for J—NNY B—E.—
Aſk you the city patriot for a toaſt,
He tells you, that *America* is loſt:
Aſk what's o'clock; he'll ſay, "The times are hard,
"And muſt be ſo, till vil—ns meet reward,
"Till gibbets all the roads to LONDON fill,
"And noble blood ſtreams faſt on TOWER HILL."—
Aſk the *North Briton* for a pinch of ſnuff,
"All but the *Scotch* is *execrable* ſtuff:"
Obſerve, to *Richmond* what a pleaſant ride,
"The banks of *Thames* are naught to dear *Tweedſide*:"
Talk of the heroes which our days produce,
They're "*a' but ſilly loons* to ROBERT BRUCE:"
He loves our gracious King, beyond diſpute,
Not for his *virtues*—for the ſake of B—E"
Rivals! agree!—Why ſhakes each empty pate?
Nor this can *ſerve* nor that can *harm* the ſtate.
Parties and factions loud may rage and brawl,
But genuine FOLLY's of no ſide at all.

AH! *vive la Bagatelle!* ſee who comes here,
How gay his *clothes*, how *thin* his *cheeks* appear—
Monſieur Le NOIRE, behold his bold advance;
Monſieur Le NOIRE is juſt arriv'd from *France*;
For ever ſprightly, gay, and *debonnair*,
Cuts capers high, and laughs at grief and care;
To ev'ry Female flimſy tribute pays,
And gives to each a fulſome load of praiſe;

Himſelf

Himſelf indiff'rent plies the dance and ſong,
Nor yet ſelects one female from the throng:
Not ſo the Ladies; for his ſake alone
They almoſt leave their dear Sir MACAHONE;
Miſs TWITTER and Miſs FLIPPANT both aſſail
His guarded heart, not doubting to prevail.
How hard, alas! ſuch conqueſts to improve,
His *vanity* is touch'd, but not his *love*.
" Miſs TWITTER is his ſoul's ſupreme delight;
" And then, BELL FLIPPANT is an angel quite."
To each he tells his am'rous tale by turns;
For each he ſwears in CUPID's flames he burns,
At length, detected, fondly each complains:
He ſnuffs, trips off, yet talks of am'rous pains;
Each Miſs grows loud; *allons!* he leads the dance,
And leaves them both——'Tis *a-la-mode de France*.

WOULD you the contraſt of this ſcene explore,
Behold 'Squire BLUNT, an *Engliſhman* all o'er,
He cares not Threepence for your Dukes and Peers;
He d——ns all foreign faſhions, " hates *Mounſeers*"—
As for the *Girls*, he likes with them to play,
And juſt " to toy an idle hour away."
But, " he can't *cringe*, he never was at *France*;"
Yet juſt for Fun the clown has learn'd to dance:
So might a *bear*—to both we oft give place,
Not for their *merit*, but their ſtrange *grimace*.
Laugh, if you pleaſe, the 'Squire will tell you true,
" He danc'd, in troth, to pleaſe *himſelf*, not *you*."

His

His acres beſt his merit may explain,
But farms and dunghils do not ſuit our ſtrain:
His houſes too, we can't the tale rehearſe,
For lands and tenements would clog the verſe.
Suffice it that 'Squire BTUNT is wealthy known,
And Madam BOWZER marks him for her own.

BUT who is ſhe that with ſuch artful leer,
Salutes each Lady, and accoſts each Peer?
'Tis Mrs. SLY, of honourable name,
At *Bath* and *Tunbridge* late well known to fame.
Who'd gain a miſtreſs, or a wife diſcard,
Has but to wheedle her, and to reward:
What female, weary of her huſband's pow'r,
Wants a gallant—*to paſs away an hour*
To make life bearable, let her apply,
And tell her utmoſt wiſh—to Mrs. SLY.

Her, Mr. BLUBBER but of late emp'loy'd,
And Mr. BLUBBER all his hopes enjoy'd.
Near *Thames Street*, now, he comfortably dwells,
And by ſhort weight his ſoap and candles ſells;—
But he and BETSY once a-year repair
To dear *Southampton*, tir'd of City air,
Till a round ſum, agreed on, they diſburſe,
Then, with ſad hearts, go back, and empty purſe;
Though SLY has whiſper'd in his BETSY's ear,
She may receive the viſits of a Peer:

What

What Peer, perhaps, you'll aſk?——Lord GRAVEL-
DOWN,
Known for his morals in each ſeaport-town:
With him would any man ſuſpect a wife
Whom Mrs. SLY conſign'd to him for life?
BLUBBER knows better—now his caſh is ſpent,
The Peer may make a *Carnival* of *Lent*.

KNOW you yon ſmirking figure? See him ſtand,
Or rather loll; a paper in his hand!
He ſeems concern'd to hide it; but indeed
His only wiſh is that you all ſhould read.
"Love verſes to the Fair," upon my life,
'Tis ſtrange his pen has not enſur'd a wife!
Perhaps, you'll ſay, he's wedded to his Muſe,
A ſorry match! which no wiſe man would chuſe.
Proud of his flimſy works, and always prone
To cenſure each performance but his own;
With dulleſt Satire, Epigrams as bad,
And Panegyrics, writ in "proſe, run mad;"
He dreams he ſhines the Laureat of the town.
Nor can MAMURRUS' ſelf diſpute the crown:
MAMURRUS taught, in *Greek* and *Latin* ſchool,
To count each ſyllable and laugh by rule,
Wiſe but to *teaze*, and *learned* to perplex,
Who gives no quarter to the ſofter ſex,
But ſtill diſſects in wrath their poets ſong,
And perſecutes with *words of ſix feet long*.

BOTH theſe with proud contempt AVARO eyes,
Who thinks, that to be *rich* is to be *wiſe*;
For *health*, not *pleaſure*, hither he repairs,
And calls this town the bane of youthful heirs,
While young CLEANDER, prodigal and bold,
His next of kin and heir to all his gold,
Laughs at his Kinſman, calls him fool or knave,
And hopes, ere long, to gambol o'er his grave.

SUCH are the Crowds the laughing Muſe ſurveys,
Who, idly flutt'ring, ſpend their ſummer days;
Should ſhe proceed, what numbers might be ſung
Ere yet the poet had his lyre unſtrung;
But pauſe we here:—Enough that in our ſong
Impartial Satire has pourtray'd the Throng.
If, unchaſtis'd, their path they ſtill purſue,
(The veil remov'd, and all confeſs'd to view),
If FOLLY ſtill leads on the motley Train,
Poets may write and Doctors preach in vain.

THE

Southampton Guide, &c.

Of the Antiquity of Old Hampton.

CHAP. I.

AFTER P. Oſtorius Scapula, the Roman general, had killed and defeated Guiderius, king of Britain, Arviragus the ſon of Guiderius is ſaid to have collected together the whole force of Britain, about A. D. 47, to revenge the death of his father, and that the Romans were ſo far intimidated as to ſend for the Emperor Claudius in perſon, and a large reinforcement. The emperor brought with him a number of camels, which were occaſionally introduced into the field of battle to terrify the Britons. But Arviragus, providing himſelf with a number of dogs, ſet

upon the camels with ſo much fury, that they threw the Romans into the utmoſt confuſion; and, at laſt, after a few ſlight ſkirmiſhes, a dreadful battle was fought near the ſpot where Southampton now ſtands, and the Romans were entirely routed *.

About the year 266, Cerdic landed at Southampton with a large body of Saxons, and began to proceed up the country. But Ambroſius, hearing of his deſcent, marched againſt him, and a battle enſued near Chardford, where Ambroſius was killed, and five thouſand of his men †.

‡ The town of Old Hampton, as Leland informs us, was famous for the number of fiſhermen and merchants who lived there. It ſtood about a quarter of a mile north-eaſt of New Hampton, and reached to the harbour. The place whereon it ſtood is now called St. Mary's field, from the church of the ſame name contiguous to it. In Leland's time, many perſons then alive remembered to have ſeen ſeveral houſes of the old town remaining. And it was thought that the ſuburb, juſt without the Eaſt-gate of New Hampton, and adjoining to St. Mary's field, was part of Old Hampton.

* Hiſt. of Wincheſter.
† Rapin, vol. I. page 37.
‡ Leland's Itin. fol. 74.

There

There was a ſmall chapel called the chapel of St. Nicholas, then ſtanding at the eaſt end of St. Mary's, in the great church-yard, where the pariſh-church of Old Hampton was commonly thought to have ſtood. This being found too ſmall, a larger was erected and called St. Mary's. Queen Matilda, ſeeing a number of people walking about the church-yard during divine ſervice, aſked the reaſon of it; and ſhe was told that there was no room for them in the church. Upon which ſhe immediately promiſed to build them a new one. This was the origin of St. Mary's.

This Queen Matilda, or ſome other perſons, intended to have made it a collegiate church, but did not ſucceed. Yet, as a proof of the antiquity of Old Hampton, it is ſtill mother-church to all the churches in New Hampton, and the common burying-place of the inhabitants is in the church-yard.

Here were, in Leland's time, many merchants tombs of fine marble. Here was alſo a fine ſtone manſion-houſe belonging to the miniſter. The old town of Hampton was burnt, in time of war, ſpoiled and raiſed by French pirates, or, as others will have it, by the Genoeſe, during the conteſt for the crown of France between Edward the 3d, and Philip de Valois.

Stowe, in his annals, gives the following deſcription of this invaſion.

" The 4th of October, 1338, fifty gallies well manned and furniſhed, came to Southampton, about nine o'clock, and ſacked the town, the townſmen running away for fear; by the break of the next day, they which fled, by the help of the country thereabout, came againſt the pyrates and fought with them; in the which ſkirmiſh were ſlain to the number of 300 pyrates, together with their captain, a young ſoldier, the King of Sicily's ſonne. To this young man the King of France had given whatſoever he got in the kingdom of England. But he being beaten down by a certain man of the country, cried *Rançon*, (that is, ranſome), notwithſtanding the countryman laid him on with his clubbe, till he had ſlaine him, ſpeaking thoſe words, " Yea (quoth he) I know very well thou art a *Françon*, (that is, a Frenchman) and, therefore, thou ſhalt die;" for he underſtood not his ſpeech, neither had he any ſkill to take gentlemen priſoners, and to keep them for their ranſome. Wherefore the reſidue of thoſe Gennowayes, after they had ſet the town a fire, and buried it up quite, fledde to their galleyes, and in their flying certain of them were drowned, and after this the inhabitants of the town compaſſed it about with a ſtrong and great wall." But Holinſhed, in his chronicle, ſays it was burnt

burnt the Monday after Michaelmas day, *anno* 1339, having had fire ſet to it in five different places. However, this was the reaſon that the inhabitants removed themſelves to a more commodious place, and began, with the king's licenſe and aſſiſtance, to build New Hampton, and to wall it round againſt the enemy. The walls were embattled and built with large ſtones, flanked with towers, and in many places fenced by a double ditch. To theſe Richard the 2d added a ſtrong caſtle for the protection of the harbour.

In the year 1080, Old Hampton had but 80 men tenants in demeſne *; it had been demoliſhed by the Danes exactly one century before, and, during that long interval of time, had not yet recovered its priſtine ſtate. However, the inhabitants muſt afterwards have diligently applied to commerce, for we find them ſoon after in a flouriſhing condition. They were firſt incorporated, and, in proceſs of time, had ſeveral charters granted them by ſucceſſive monarchs. They obtained the firſt from Henry II. which was confirmed by Richard I. King John, and Edward III. King John, in the firſt year of his reign, granted the farm of Southampton to the burgeſſes †, with the port of *Por-*

* Doomſday Book.

† Rot. 10. 2d Hen. VI.

teſmues, or Portſmouth, for the ſum of 200 *l. per annum* *. This plainly ſhews that the town muſt have been in a flouriſhing condition, to be able to pay this annual ſum to the crown.

The port revenue, in the 10th of Richard I. was 40 *l.* 5 *s.* 8 *d.* and in the 17th John, the *compotus* was the uſual farm of 200 *l.* eleemoſynary donations to ſome monks, 9 *l.* 5 *s.* and for 58 tons of French, Gaſçon, and Anjou wines, and for two tons of Spaniſh or Portugueſe, 50 *l.* and one mark. So early as 1215, we find the merchants of Southampton were the greateſt importers of wine, next to thoſe of London, in England. It was very probably this which afterwards raiſed them to great opulence.

Our kings were ever attentive to the proſperity of the town; for, among the old letters patent, we find ſome new privileges granted to it in every reign †, particularly Henry IV. gave them the goods of felons and fugitives, which was confirmed by Henry V. and VI.

In the 17th of Edward II. there was a re-

* In the 26th Hen. II. the farm was 200 l. by weight.

† For a more particular account, *vid.* a copy of Doomſday MSS. Harl. 1604. *Vide* alſo a burleſque poem, written by Mr. *John Speed* of *St. John's College, Oxford*, entitled, "*Bat* upon *Bat*," &c. *Vide* alſo *Stuckely*'s Itiner. Here the author begs to acknowledge the very friendly aſſiſtance of the worthy keeper of the *Bodleian Library*.

markable

markable action brought by the mayor and burgeſſes of Southampton, againſt the town of Lymington, for having received duties on ſalt, barley, &c. to the amount of 100 *s.* The ſaid mayor affirmed, that they held their town, with the port, extending from beyond Hurſt Caſtle to Langſtone, of the king, at 220 *l. per ann.* which was declared a legal claim by the jury; and the corporation of Southampton recovered 200 *l.* damages from the town of Lymington.

Southampton was long the reſidence of the Saxon kings, and ever conſidered as the capital, after the diſſolution of the Heptarchy. Here it was that King Canute held his court, and here he reproved the abject flattery of one of his courtiers, who wanted to perſuade him that all things would obey his royal will and pleaſure. When he came to the ſhore (ſays Henry of Huntington) he commanded a chair to be ſet for him, and ſaid to the ſea, flowing up to him, Thou art under my dominion, and the ground on which I am ſitting is mine, nor did any man ever diſobey my commands with impunity; therefore, I command thee not to come upon my ground, nor wet the clothes or the feet of me thy lord and maſter. But the rude waves preſently came up and wet his royal feet: Upon which he ſtepped back and ſaid, Let all the inhabitants of the world know, that the power of a monarch is a vain

and

and empty thing, and that none deſerves the name of a king but he whoſe will, by an eternal decree, the heaven, earth, and ſea, do all obey. Nor would he ever after ſuffer the crown to be put on his head, &c.

When Henry V. went on his expedition to claim the crown of France, according to the principles of the ſalique law, he muſtered his army at Southampton.—Here a conſpiracy was formed againſt him thro' French perfidy, in favour of the Earl of Cambridge, whoſe title to the crown was prior to the king's, and whoſe ſon, Richard Duke of York, actually laid claim to it; but the Earl of March, one of the conſpirators, ſtruck with remorſe, at foreſeeing the fatal effects of their conſpiracy, revealed it to the king. Upon which, the Earl of Cambridge and Sir Thomas Gray were beheaded, and Lord Scrope was hanged, drawn, and quartered. They were buried in the court of the chapel of God's Houſe, where may be read this epitaph on a monument erected by the late Lord Delawar.

Richard Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, of Maſham, and Sir Thomas Gray, of Northumberland, conſpired to murder King Henry V. *in this town, as he was preparing to ſail with his army againſt Charles* VI. *King of France; for which conſpiracy, they were executed and buried near this place,* 1415.

General

General Deſcription of the preſent Town of Southampton.

CHAP. II.

THE preſent town of Southampton is ſituated between the rivers Teſe or Anton, and Alres or Itching, in the ſouth-weſt part of the county, to whom it gives its name. The preſent town roſe like a phænix out of the aſhes of the old one, which ſtood ſomething more to the eaſt, nearer the river Itching, and on or about the ſite of the Roman colony called Clauſentum. Great quantities of rubbiſh, and foundations of old walls, were formerly dug up northward of the preſent town, which ſeems to prove, that the ſituation of the old town was different from that of the new one.

Southampton, with reſpect to its naturally advantageous ſituation, the ſalubrity of the air, the elegance of the buildings, the beautiful regularity of the ſtreets, particularly the high ſtreet, the pleaſantneſs of the adjacent country, the great number of gentlemen's ſeats diſperſed about it, and its vicinity to ſeveral large towns, and that delightful, fertile, and healthy ſpot, the Iſle of Wight, beſides the many ancient ruins to be ſeen in this county, merits the notice of the man of taſte, claims the attention of the antiquary,

antiquary, and courts the admiration of the ſtranger.

There is no neighbourhood in Great Britain, excluſive of the nobility and gentry who annually honor it with their preſence during the ſummer-ſeaſon, where politeneſs, good-breeding, harmony and friendſhip reign ſo univerſally, and are ſo productive of undiſguiſed confidence, and undiſturbed tranquillity. Aſſuming arrogance and booriſh pride, which are too unfortunately the eternal cauſes of contentions and opprobrious language, and inevitably deſtructive of the ſweets of ſociety among petty gentry, uneducated ſquires, and ſupercilious *petits maitres*, are totally baniſhed this happy country. Moſt gentlemen of this neighbourhood are men of fortune, independence, and generoſity, who keep the happy medium between avarice and extravagance; meanneſs and profuſion; men who do not debaſe their characters by an intimacy with the vulgar and their manners, nor proudly deſpiſe their equals; but invariably maintain their dignity by a regular uniformity of conduct.

No wonder the Royal Family evidently ſhew a predilection for this part of England; and no wonder ſo many of the firſt families in the kingdom viſit it annually, and ardently deſire to poſſeſs at leaſt a cottage in the region of politeneſs.

Here

Here are moſt of the conveniencies and *agrémens* of the town, without that perpetual thunder and clouds of ſmoke, which blind and deafen thoſe who have not quite loſt their ſenſes. Thoſe who are fond of dancing, may ſhine in the Long-room: the lovers of the *drama*, may frequent the playhouſe; jolly companions, the inns; politicians, the coffeehouſes; and thoſe of a nautical genius, may ſail on the pleaſanteſt water in Europe; but thoſe who are more fond of inſtructive and entertaining company ſhould retire to the circulating library, where they will find plenty of food for the mind, and hear the news of the day, and what is going on in the polite circle.

In the walls of the town are the following gates:

1. Bar-gate, on the north, is large and well embattled; over it was, formerly, in the upper part, *domus civica*, (now guildhall), and under it was the town-priſon. Without this gate are a great number of genteel houſes. There were formerly four towers on this wall, ſome of them now remaining, particularly one towards the Eaſt-gate *.

2. Eaſt-gate † is extremely remarkable for the ſingularity of its form, and not much leſs for the abſurdity of its conſtruction, conſidered as the gate of a fortified town; for

* Leland.

† Eaſt-gate is taken down ſince the firſt publication of this Guide, to open a way for carriages.

though

tho' great care was taken to give it ſufficient ſolidity to reſiſt the efforts of an enemy, its projecting buttreſſes kindly extend themſelves ſo as to form a ſafe lodgment for a conſiderable number of aſſailants, covered from the ſight of the adjoining tower, and liable to no other annoyance than what might be given from the oilots or loop-holes, and the machicolations of the gate; and yet this was erected for the defence of the town, ſoon after it had been burnt and plundered. Examined in a civil light, it is hardly leſs exceptionable, being narrow, dark, and inconvienient. It was probably built at the ſame time as the walls of the town, about 1338 *. There were, ſays Leland, ſix towers in the wall, between the eaſt and ſouth gates, and double ditches, as well as from the caſtle to Bar-gate.

3. South-gate ſtands rather ſouth-eaſt; adjoining to it is a building, now called the tower, mentioned by Leland under the appellation of *caſtelet*. On it, in his time, guns were mounted for the defence of the harbour. It is ſaid to have been built by King Henry VIII. in the year 1542. At preſent, it is converted into a priſon for felons, formerly kept in the Bar-gate. Adjoining is a ſmall platform, on which is a gun mounted on an

* Vid. Groſe's Antiq.

un-

uncommon carriage, ſaid to have been preſented to the town by king Henry VIII.*

4. Juſt beyond is a fine gate, called Water-gate, having, on the out ſide, a large and commodious quay for ſhips to unload their goods upon. Between this and the Weſt-gate there were formerly three towers.

5. The Weſt-gate is very ſtrong, and has likewiſe near it a good quay. There are two other gates which lead to the public rooms; one is called, in old records, the Poſtern, and the other, Beadles-gate.

* Vid. Groſe's Antiq.

Religious Houſes, Churches, and Schools.

CHAP. III.

THERE was formerly a college of Grey Friars, in the ſouth-eaſt part of the town, adjoining to the town wall, between the eaſt and ſouth-eaſt gates. And in the ſouth part of the town is an hoſpital, of very great antiquity, called God's Houſe, which was a nunnery at the time that Glouceſter Square was a convent of Friars. There was a communication between the convent and the nunnery, through which the Friars uſed to go to God's Houſe Chapel to ſay maſs, and perform other religious duties. It was founded by Roger Hampton, according to a charter of Edward III, which mentions the names of ſeveral benefactors, and deſcribes the lands belonging to it. *Thus the Monaſticon.* But Leland ſays, it was founded by two merchants, who were brothers, called Gervaſius and Protoſius, probably from the ſaints days that they were born on. Theſe two brothers, he ſays, lived on the very ſpot where the hoſpital now ſtands, at the time that the old town was burnt. In an old regiſter at Wincheſter, which contained the names of the abbies, priories, and hoſpitals, he found it called, "*Hoſpitale, ſive Domus Dei de Hampton;*" and imagines

imagines that ſome Biſhop of Wincheſter renewed the old foundation by adding more lands to it, and ſo had the patronage. It was afterwards impropriated to Queen's College, Oxford, on condition that a number of poor ſcholars of that college ſhould be maintained from a fund of ſurpluſages. They received new privileges from Richard II. and Richard IV. gave them the priory of Sherburne, in Hampſhire. At preſent the whole ſociety conſiſts of a warden, four old men, and as many women, who are allowed two ſhillings a week, beſides their lodgings.

Adjoining is a French church dedicated to St. Julian, the biſhop. It was founded in the year 1567, by patent from Queen Elizabeth, in favour of the Walloon proteſtants, who fled from the perſecution under the Duke of Alva. Divine ſervice was performed therein, according to the liturgy of Calvin, from that time, down to the year 1712, when its miniſter and members, upon an application to the then Biſhop of Wincheſter, obtained leave to conform to the Church of England, and divine ſervice has ever ſince been performed, in the French tongue, according to the rites of the ſaid Church. The congregation has always been, and continues to be, very reſpectable. Many natives and maſters of veſſels from Jerſey and Guernſey make a part of it.

St. John's hoſpital has only a maſter and

ſix boys, who are employed in the woollen manufacture.

The free grammar ſchool was founded by Edward VI. but, ſince that time it has received very valuable improvements; it is now in much better repair than it has been for many years, and its reputation has been greatly raiſed, by the diligence, attention, and learning of the preſent maſter, the Rev. Mr. Mant.

A charity ſchool, for the education of thirty boys, in reading, writing, and navigation, was inſtituted in the year 1713, by a ſubſcription of 80l. per ann. which has now been withdrawn for ſome years. But, in the year 1760, another was eſtabliſhed for bringing up twenty boys, and qualifying them to go to ſea, in purſuance of the will of Richard Taunton, Eſq. late an alderman of Southampton. This gentleman bequeathed 5000 l. to the county hoſpital at Wincheſter, and the reſt of his eſtate, which amounted to a large ſum, he gave to the town for charitable uſes. However, this was ſet aſide by the court of Chancery, on the ſtatute of mortmain, and his perſonal eſtate only, amounting to about five or ſix thouſand pounds, came to the truſtees for the endowment of the ſaid ſchool.

There were in Southampton ſix pariſh-churches, viz. Holy Rood, St. Michael's, All-Saints', St. Lawrence's, St. John's, and St.

St. Mary's. The two latter, St. John's and St. Lawrence's, were united by act of parliament in the reign of king Charles II. and the former was taken down: So there remains now but five. Holy Rood is the church where the mayor and corporation attend divine ſervice. It has a fine organ, and a few handſome monuments; one of which, ſacred to the memory of Miſs Stanley, ſiſter to the preſent member for Southampton, merits particular attention. It was done by Ryſbrack. This is the lady whoſe name is immortalized in Thomſon's works. There is another, ſacred to the memory of Anne, daughter of Philip Hobby, Eſq. of Neath-Abbey, in Glamorganſhire, and relict of William Stanley, Eſq. of Paultons.

This church is a vicarage, belonging to Queen's College, Oxford; to which are annexed ſome private legacies, the wardenſhip of God's Houſe, and the ſtewardſhip of the college lands, worth, in all, near 200l. per ann. The other churches (St. Mary's excepted) are in the king's gift. St. Michael's has a fine ſlender octagonal ſpire, which greatly adds to the beauty of many proſpects in the neighbourhood of the town, particularly, to that from Stoneham common, north of Southampton; it was erected for a land mark for ſhips coming into the port. The mayor-elect is always ſworn in this church.

In the north chancel lies buried Lord

Wriotheſley, Lord High Chancellor in the time of Henry VIII. the ſame who paſſed ſentence on Anna Bullen. His figure, in a reclining poſture, remains almoſt entire, but the monument and the inſcription thereon are defaced.—All the pariſhes are now incorporated, and a Poor-Houſe built near St. Mary's.

This church, having been deſtroyed by fire, was rebuilt in the modern taſte; this excellent and well-conditioned living, which is eſteemed worth 700 l. per ann. is in the gift of the Biſhop of Wincheſter. The preſent incumbent is Doctor Hoadley, chancellor of the dioceſe. William of Wykeham bequeathed to this church *unum par veſtimentorum cum chalice* *.

In this church-yard is the following whimſical inſcription on the tomb-ſtone of the wife of Thomas Wallis, who died, Nov. 22, 1734, aged 59 years.

" *Here lies poor Joan,*
" *Not willingly wou'd lie alone,*
" *That have ſaved a little money*
" *To buy a head-ſtone.*"

* Vid. Life of William of Wykeham.

Of

Of the Trade and Government of the Town, with its Fairs, Markets, &c.

CHAP. IV.

IN the reign of Henry VI. this town muſt have been a conſiderable place for mercantile affairs; for we find no leſs a perſon then Sir Thomas Coke, lord mayor of London, was collector of the cuſtoms. It was at this port that the Portugueſe landed with their foreign wines, after they had diſcovered the Canaries; but the London merchants, being jealous of the growing power and riches of the place, procured an order that all ſhips, coming from the Canaries, ſhould land their goods at ſome port on the river Thames. Southampton has declined gradually in trade, ſince the beginning of the laſt century, altho' its commercial buſineſs is ſtill very conſiderable. But if it has decreaſed in trade, it is increaſed prodigiouſly in ſplendor and elegance. And many gentlemen of fortune have come to ſettle here, ſince it has become ſo polite a place.

The chief trade it has, at preſent, is with the Portugueſe for wine and fruit, and with the Iſlands of Jerſey, Guernſey, Alderney and Sark. There are ſeveral ſloops conſtantly

ſtantly ſailing to and from theſe Iſlands; which, beſides carrying moſt of the goods bought in England by the inſular ſhopkeepers, carry away annually a quantity of unkembed wool, allowed by act of parliament, as here ſpecified;

To Jerſey - -	4000	Tods*.
To Guernſey, -	2000	
To Alderney, -	400	
To Sark - -	200	

all which muſt be ſent from, or landed, and the duty paid at this port,

Charles the I. confirmed all the former charters which had been granted to the town, by which it is enacted that the corporation is to conſiſt of a mayor, a recorder, a ſheriff, and two bailiffs. Thoſe who have ſerved any of thoſe offices are common counceilmen, and no other. But the corporation are allowed to chooſe an unlimited number of burgeſſes, who are members of the corporation, and have votes. There are eleven juſtices of the peace, viz. The mayor for the time being, the biſhop of Wincheſter, the recorder, the laſt mayor, the five ſenior aldermen, and two burgeſſes. But beſides theſe, this corporation boaſts of ſeveral royal burgeſſes, beyond any town in England; for the late Prince of Wales, being, in the year 1750, at Gilbury, in the New Foreſt, for

* Each Tod is limited at 32lb. weight.

the

the ſake of bathing in the ſalt-water, paid frequent viſits to this town, and, by particular deſire, was admitted a burgeſs, together with his preſent Majeſty, his late royal highneſs Edward Auguſtus Duke of York, his royal highneſs the preſent Duke of Cumberland, and the late Prince Henry Frederick. All thoſe who have paſſed the chair are aldermen. The corporation has ſeveral officers, a town clerk with a genteel ſalary, four ſerjeants at mace, a town cryer, &c.

The mayor and bailiffs have a court for the recovery of ſmall debts.

In the Guildhall all cauſes are tried; here the quarter ſeſſions are held and all cauſes, which are not capital, are brought on here; but, by taking out a ſpecial commiſſion they have cognizance even of capital ones.

This town was made a borough by Henry II. and by king John, a county in itſelf, and independent to the lord lieutenant and ſheriff of the county. The mayor is admiral of the liberties, from South-ſea to Hurſt caſtle.

This borough ſends two members to parliament; there are near ſix hundred voters; all thoſe have a right to vote who pay taxes to church and poor.

There are four annual fairs held for this town. Trinity fair is held near the Chapel mill, about half a mile from the town. It ſeems as if it had been once very reputable,

as

as a pie-powder court is conſtantly held to determine diſputes and puniſh offenders. The preſiding officer is the ſenior bailiff, who has a booth, in which he entertains the corporation, &c. during the fair.

There are three weekly markets, on Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday. Here is abundance of fine fiſh, meat, and vegetables. The ſalmon is eſteemed ſuperior to that of the Severn. When parents bound their ſons apprentices formerly, it was ſtipulated that they ſhould be obliged to eat ſalmon only once a day, being apprehenſive that, from its cheapneſs, their maſters would oblige them to eat more then was conſiſtent with their health and inclinations. Lobſters, which are brought to Hamble in great quantities from Jerſey and Guernſey, are ſold very reaſonable, and are eſteemed excellent. Fine ſoals, john dories, and red mullets, are frequently brought here from Torbay, and ſold very cheap.

An act paſſed in the 10th year of his preſent Majeſty's reign for paving the town, which was accordingly put in execution. The commiſſioners have alſo a power of lighting it. The ſtreets are ſufficiently wide, and moſt of them run parallel to the high-ſtreet, interſected at proper diſtances by pretty lanes and alleys. Glouceſter Square is an aſſemblage of genteel houſes. On this ſpot ſtood the college of Grey Friars. But the high-

ſtreet,

ſtreet, which, till lately, was rather obſtructed by the audit and market houſe, is now one of the fineſt ſtreets in England. Thoſe houſes being removed, others exceedingly elegant have been built in a more convenient ſituation, which are a great ornament to this ſtreet. The council-chamber particularly is magnificent; it was built by Mr. Crunden. According to Leland, the high-ſtreet was eſteemed, even in his time, perhaps the *fineſt ſtreet of any town that is in all England.* It is three quarters of a mile long. A neat conduit is juſt built near the ſpot where the old one formerly ſtood, which, with three others, ſupplies the town with excellent water.

Bugle Hall, formerly the reſidence of the Earls of Southampton, is ſituated near Weſt-gate, and commands a good proſpect of the river, from the upper rooms. Here is ſtill to be ſeen ſome ancient painted glaſs, and fine carved work. It was much injured by the Oliverians, in the civil wars.

Of the Amuſements, the Air, the Sea Bathing, and the Mineral Water, &c. of Southampton.

CHAP. V.

THE public rooms are ſituated near the weſt quay, and command a delightful proſpect of the ſea and the New Foreſt, &c. Mr. MARTIN, the proprietor, has been at a vaſt expence to fit them up in the moſt elegant manner. The ball-room is very ſpacious, decorated with magnificent pier-glaſſes; and the muſic is judiciouſly diſpoſed in the center. There are convenient tea, card, and billiard, rooms; alſo very good offices. Theſe rooms are certainly much ſuperior in elegance, in ſituation, and furniture, to thoſe at the Polygon, which are rendered inconvenient, by reaſon of their great diſtance from the town. And indeed Mr. Martin has always had the preference given him.

Here are dreſs-balls every Tueſday; for which ſubſcribers pay 10 s. 6 d. for the ſeaſon, and non-ſubſcribers 3 s. 6 d. a-time. Undreſs balls for cotillions every Thurſday, and country dances on Saturdays. The rooms are opened on Mondays, Wedneſdays and Fridays, for cards and tea; the ſubſcription

ſcription for which is diſcretionary, tho' none ſubſcribe leſs than 5 s. and perſons of diſtinction according to their rank.

RULES *for the* BALLS.

I. That there be a ball every Tueſday night during the ſeaſon.

II. That ladies and gentlemen do ſubſcribe ten and ſixpence for the ſeaſon, or pay three and ſixpence each night; children not excepted.

III. That the balls ſhall begin at ſeven o'clock and end at eleven, even in the middle of a dance.

IV. That gentlemen and ladies who dance down a country dance ſhall not quit their places till the dance is finiſhed, unleſs they intend dancing no more that night; yet the Maſter of the Ceremonies may, in particular circumſtances, diſpenſe with this rule.

V. That no lady will be permitted to dance in an apron, mittens, or in black gloves, or any miſs in coats.

VI. That nobody be allowed to give tea on ball nights, nor any detached tables admitted.

VII. It is particularly requeſted, that ladies who do not intend to dance minuets, will not take up the front ſeats, excepting ladies of precedence.

VIII. It is alſo deſired that no gentlemen will come any evening to the rooms with boots on.

IX. Gentlemen and ladies are alſo deſired to order their ſervants, not to crowd the ſtairs leading to the rooms, but to wait in the place appointed for them.

William Dawſon, Maſter of the Ceremonies.

The maſter of the ceremonies has two balls each ſeaſon, which are generally very brilliant and full.

Contiguous to the rooms are a range of very convenient Baths, where ladies and gentlemen may bathe at all times, in any depth of water, by means of falſe bottoms, which are raiſed or let down with a windlaſs; and, this year (1775) a hot bath hath been prepared, for the conveniency of thoſe to whom this mode of bathing may be beneficial.

Adjoining is a Circulating Library, conſiſting of a large and choice collection of books, in the Engliſh, French, and Italian languages. This is the morning rendezvous of ladies and gentlemen, who come to read the London papers, which are taken in every day, and form riding and ſailing parties. In the winter, this library is removed into the high ſtreet, oppoſite Holy-Rood church, and has a vaſt number of

ſubſcribers

ſubſcribers among the inhabitants, and neighboring gentry.

There are paſſage boats and ſloops to and from Portſmouth and the Iſle of Wight, almoſt every day, at the very moderate rate of ſixpence each perſon. There are others more commodious to let to any part, on reaſonable terms.

In 1766, a Playhouſe was erected, on the plan of that at Covent Garden; where plays are acted three times a week during the ſeaſon, by one of the beſt companies of country comedians. It is very commodious, and ſufficiently ſpacious to hold a large audience.

Of the AIR *of* SOUTHAMPTON.

The air that we breathe is ſo eſſential an object both to the preſervation, and recovery of health, that it would be highly negligent and unjuſt to omit obſerving that the inhabitants of Southampton and its environs enjoy the moſt pure and ſalubrious atmoſphere; we may indeed ſay with great veracity (and adduce our proofs from undeniable evidences), that few parts of the kingdom poſſeſs this very valuable bleſſing in ſo eminent a degree; on which account, it is no uncommon compliment to call this town the Montpelier of England; and indeed when we conſider how much the good

effect of all remedies are increaſed or counteracted by the quality of the air that we imbibe, it may not be unreaſonable to conclude, that the many inſtances of longevity which are obſervable in this place, ſhould be in a great meaſure attributed to the purity and wholeſomneſs of this neceſſary ſupport of life.

Brief Remarks on the Utility of drinking and bathing in the Salt Water, extracted from the Works of the moſt eminent Phyſicians.

There are few chronic diſorders, provided the viſcera be ſound, where bathing in the ſalt-water may not be ſerviceable; and drinking it medicinally has frequently been attended with the happieſt effects. "Sea-water, (ſays Dr. Lee) is of great benefit in many kinds of diſeaſes. This medicine performs thoſe effects in ſtrumous and ſcorbutic caſes, which perhaps you may in vain wiſh for from any others. A bronchocele, continues he, which was fixed many years, ſo that the breathing was greatly affected thereby, either in ſpeaking or moving, was cured by this remedy. I knew the leproſy itſelf twice cured by drinking and bathing, when the ſurface of the body was almoſt covered with ſpots and ſcales. And the world ſhould know that the ſame helps agree almoſt with all patients, as well as with all diſtempers,

diſtempers, and would certainly agree with them more eaſily and frequently, if their uſe was more accurately obſerved, by perſons rightly qualified." But it muſt be obſerved, that corpulent and ſanguine perſons ſhould previouſly uſe proper evacuations. Bathing in the ſalt-water has been found likewiſe very beneficial in rheumatic, hypochondriacal, and relaxed habits.

" Sea-water, (ſays Dr. Ruſſel,) moſt excellently deterges and diſſolves, and alſo draws forth the humors from the tumefied glands. He believes it alſo an excellent dentrifice, becauſe among the great number of women who get their living by daily picking up of ſhells upon the ſea ſhore, you ſhall ſeldom ſee one with rotten teeth; on the contrary, their gums are generally firm, their lungs ſound and free from any ſcorbutic cough; this is chiefly cauſed by the ſaline particles which are communicated to the air from the ſurface of the ſea; or rather, which are daſhed out by the breaking of the waves." Where the patient cannot bear the pure ſalt-water on his ſtomach, it is recommended to have it boiled with a ſufficient quantity of new milk, or even milk-whey; and let it cool before you drink it.

Dr. Speed has given various inſtances of the beneficial effects of the uſe of ſea water, in the ſcurvy, palſy, epilepſy, rickets, relaxed nerves, gravel &c. Many corrobo-

rating teſtimonies of other eminent phyſicians might be adduced; but its ſalutary effects are ſo generally known and acknowledged, that it ſeems unneceſſary to add any other proofs, than the reſult of Dr. Speed's experiment on the water at Southampton, and at the ſouth ſide of the Iſle of Wight *; which ſufficiently demonſtrates that the former is not at all inferior, in efficacy and power, to the latter; as it contains exactly the ſame proportion of ſalt. This circumſtance is worthy of attention to thoſe who might be led to think, that the proportion of ſalt is diminiſhed by the very ſmall addition of freſh water; the ſkilful phyſician, above mentioned, ſufficiently and undeniably contradicts this; and his own ſucceſsful experience, in a variety of caſes, fully proves, that the virtue of the water at Southampton is equal to that at any other ſea-bathing place.

The following Extracts from Dr. Coſens's *Œconomy of Beauty, I take the Liberty to inſert, as giving a juſt and lively Deſcription of Southampton's Medicinal Waters and its fine Situation.*

" THY Walls, *Southampton!* and thy moſs-grown Towers,
Where *Echo* holds her ſolitary Reign;

* Vid. his Commentary on Sea-water.

Thy

Thy rural Sports and medicinal Flood,
The Plains around, and deep embow'ring Shades,
Who can behold, and not attempt to ſing?
Even *I*, the meaneſt of the tuneful Tribe,
Inſpir'd by Thee, awake the living Lyre,
Advent'rous, while the Groves and vocal Hills
Prolong the Strain; as when *Muſæus* pour'd
The ſadly-flowing Tale of hopeleſs Love—
The ſole Diſeaſe thy Waters cannot cure.

"See! to thy *Baths* what frequent Crowds reſort,
Groaning beneath the varied Rod of Pain,
(Tyrannic, dire, inexorable Fiend)
And waſh their Ills away.-Hither is brought,
Robb'd of each Grace, the pining, pale-ey'd Maid,
Who, *Venus*-like, emerges from the Flood,
Her Cheeks beſtrew'd with Roſes.—Thence the Youth
Springs, like *Antæus*, with redoubled Might,
A Match for *Hercules*; and thence the Limbs
Of trembling *Eld*,* *medean* Fable true,——
Reſume freſh Vigor, and are young again.

—"Let me climb the Hills, where every Gale

* Eld-----Old Age, Decrepitude.

Is

Is fraught with florid Health.—Such are
thy Scenes,
Southampton, lov'd of all the rural Gods;
Thine are the pathleſs Wilds, and ſilent
Groves,
Where Contemplation reigns; thine are the
Plains,
And thine the Hills, where, fraught with
florid Health,
Blows every Gale.
The roſy-featur'd Nymph
Hence paints her Cheeks, and hence renews
her Charms,
Of all the *Toilet*'s fraudful Myſteries
Nor ſtudious, nor in want."

Of the MINERAL WATER.

Contiguous to this town is a mineral ſpring which of late has been frequently uſed, and with great ſucceſs; it is thought to contain near the ſame quality as the Tunbridge water. Dr. Rowzee, who has wrote a treatiſe on Chalybeate water, affirms it is an effectual deobſtruent, which ſucceſsfully opens all manner of obſtructions, and is of eſſential ſervice in tedious agues, black and yellow jaundice, ſchirrus of the ſpleen, ſcurvy, green ſickneſs, paralytic diſorders, &c. that it extinguiſhes all inward inflammations, without hurting the ſtomach by its coolneſs; but on the contrary ſo greatly corroborates

corroborates and ſtrengthens it, that, in ſome, it provokes too great an appetite; and I muſt not forget, continues the doctor, in behalf of the women, that there is nothing better againſt barrenneſs, and to make them fruitful, if other good and fitting means, ſuch as their ſeveral caſes may require, be duly joined with the water.

The ROADS

In the neighborhood of Southampton are eſteemed as good as any in England. They are like gravel walks, particularly thoſe which lead through the Foreſt.

Monuments of Antiquity, &c. in the Neighbourhood of Southampton.

CHAP. VI.

NETLEY ABBEY.

MR. Dummer, the preſent poſſeſſor of theſe venerable ruins, has incloſed them with a wall, and, by a judicious management of the trees, which have ſpontaneouſly ſprung up among the mouldering walls, has greatly improved the beauty and ſolemnity of the ſcene; and by that means, rendered it as well worth viſiting as any object of that kind in Great Britain. The ſpot whereon theſe ruins ſtand is almoſt ſurrounded (as Mr. Keate obſerves, who has eternized their memory in an elegant Poem) with beautiful woods, which ſlope gradually to the edge of the ſea: and the proſpects from hence, by land and water, are equally extenſive and delightful.

This Abbey, according to Godwin and Leland, was founded by Peter de Rupibus, who died 1238; but both Dugdale and Tanner attribute it to King Henry III. who, "ſays the latter, Anno Dom. 1239, founded an abbey for Ciſtertian Monks from Beaulieu,

lieu, and commended it to St. Mary's and St. Edward. About this time of the diſſolution, here was an abbot and twelve monks, whoſe poſſeſſions were then valued, according to Dugdale, at 100 l. 12 s. 8 d. but, according to Speed, at 161 l. 2 s. 9 d. This ſite was granted, by King Henry VIII. to Sir William Powlet. About the middle of the ſixteenth century it was the ſeat of the Earl of Hertford; and afterwards, it was deſecrated, fitted up, and inhabited by an Earl of Huntingdon, who, as tradition ſays, converted part of the chapel into a kitchen and other offices, ſtill reſerving the eaſt for ſacred uſes.

In the year 1700, it came into the poſſeſſion of Sir Bartlett Lucy, who ſold the materials of the chapel to one Taylor, a carpenter, of Southampton, who took off the roof, which, till that time, was entire.

Browne Willis ſuperſtitiouſly relates, that this Taylor, while he was in treaty with Sir Bartlett for the materials, was often diſturbed with dreams and even apparitions. One night, in particular, he dreamed that a large ſtone from one of the windows fell upon him and killed him. He, however, encouraged by his friends, concluded the bargain, and ſoon after, his dream was realized, for the whole body of the window fell upon him and cruſhed him to death. It afterwards belonged to Henry Clift, Eſq; from

from whom the late Mr. Dummer bought it.

Part of the chapel is ſtill ſtanding, which was built in the form of a croſs, and though greatly defaced, ſtill ſhows it was once an elegant building. There are likewiſe remains of the refectory and the kitchen. The whole is ſo overgrown with ivy, and interſperſed with trees, that it inſpires the moſt pleaſing melancholy.

At ſome diſtance from the building, there are viſible large mounds, formerly ſerving as heads to fiſh-ponds and reſervoirs for water.

A few paces to the northward, and nearer to the river, ſtands a ſmall ruined caſtle, which, by its conſtruction, ſeems of much later date than the abbey *. In the abbey is a hole on the right hand, in what is called the abbot's kitchen, which, according to the preſent vulgar opinion, is deemed a ſubterraneous paſſage leading to this caſtle, but it was, in all probability a vault. This kitchen ſeems to have been that made by the Marquis of Huntingdon.

Netley Abbey is ſituated on the eaſtern banks of the river, about two miles below Southampton.

* Vid. Groſe's Antiq.

The

The Priory of Saint DIONYSIUS, *or* DENNIS.

THIS was a Priory of Black Canons, and is ſituated upon the weſt ſide of the river Itching, almoſt two miles above the town of Southampton. It was, according to Dugdale, built by king Henry I. about the year 1124. At the diſſolution, here were a Prior and nine Religious, who had an endowment of 80l. 11s. 6d. per annum; and 91l. 1s. according to Speed, who gives King Richard the Firſt for founder. And Leland, in his Collectanea, names both Henry I. and Richard I. as ſuch. In this caſe, the latter is only meant as a very great benefactor. Ancient writers often mention a firſt, ſecond, and even ſometimes a third founder. The ſite was granted 30th of Henry VIII. to Francis Dawtry.

Henry I. by his charter, granted to God and the canons of St. Dionyſius, for the good of his own ſoul, and thoſe of his father and mother, Matilda his wife, and William his ſon, and for the good of the faithful living and dead, that parcel of his land lying between Portafreda, and the river of Hyſtia, which uſed to bring in eleven ſhillings and ſix deniers; and alſo that part of his lands of Portafreda lying near the ſea, in the eaſt part of Hampton, which uſed to bring in

the annual rent of forty-one ſhillings and ſix deniers.

King Stephen confirmed divers donations of land given them by Robert de Limeſeia.

Henry II. granted them the chapels of St. Michael, of the Holy Croſs, of St. Lawrence, and of All Saints, near the town of Hampton.

By the charter of the ſixth of Edward III. theſe canons were intitled to a pipe of red wine for the celebration of maſs, to be dilivered to them at Southampton, by the king's butler. They were likewiſe exempted from contribution to the repairs of the bridge of King's Mill.

Many other royal and private donations were made in ſeveral ſucceſſive reigns. Little of this priory is now remaining. On its ſite is now a farm-houſe, at which were ſome time ago to be ſeen many ſtone coffins entire, then uſed for troughs, and other domeſtic uſes. It is now the property of Thomas Wood, Eſq; of Groſvenor Street, London.

BITTERN.

At Bittern, one mile from St. Dennis, are the remains of a Roman cauſeway; this is part of the *via Icenorum*, one of the famous military ways, made by the Romans, it was afterwards called Ikeland Street; it went according to Dugdale, from Tinmouth, thro' the

the counties of York, Derby, Leiceſter, Warwick, Glouceſter, Oxford, and from thence to Wincheſter and Southampton; Ermen Street, another Roman way, went from Southampton, to St. David's in Wales.

The POLYGON.

As you leave the town of Southampton, above bar, there are ſeveral elegant houſes, built of late years, many of which command a view of the river and part of the New Foreſt. After having proceeded about a a quarter of a mile, you diſcover, on the left hand, the ſpot which was intended to build a Polygon on, which is a pleaſant ſituation. Three of the houſes and the hôtel are finiſhed and a fourth was begun by General Carnac, but left unfiniſhed. The plan was to build twelve houſes in a polygonal form, with a garden behind each houſe, and a large baſon of water in the middle, ſo that the whole was exactly in the form of a wheel. The baſon repreſented the nave, the garden walls, the ſpokes, and the houſes, the fellies. Or the baſon was the center, and the garden walls were radii drawn from thence to the circumference. But the ſcheme was too vaſt to be executed, without the aſſociation of ſeveral people of fortune, and conſequently did not ſucceed.

BELLEVÜE.

A little farther from the Polygon, on the Wincheſter road, are the houſe and gardens of Nathanael St. André, Eſq; called *Bellevüe*. The gardens are in excellent order, and repleniſhed with every curious plant, ſhrub, and flower, that the inquiring mind and indefatigable induſtry of the ingenious owner could procure. It is very properly called *Bellevüe*, becauſe you have a fine proſpect from thence.

PADWELL, *or* BEVIS MOUNT.

About half a mile farther, on the right hand, is *Padwell*, or rather *Bevis Mount*, at preſent in the poſſeſſion of Sir John Mordaunt. Here is an excellent garden, and from thence a charming proſpect. Towards the river Itching, at the back of the houſe, is a ſolemnly-gloomy wilderneſs, through which are fine ſerpentine walks; here is alſo a bowling green, and a fine icehouſe, with good vaults under it which ſerve for cellars. The late Lord Peterborough made it an eſtabliſhed rule to admit no ſtranger into his gardens, except when the tide was up, that the proſpect might be complete.

Sir Bevis, from whom this houſe takes its name, was, according to the learned Selden, famous under the title of the Earl of Southampton, about the Norman invaſion,

and

and lived at Duncton in Wiltſhire. There is an old poetical legend, entitled, "*Sir Bevis of Southampton*," an imperfect copy of which in black letter, "*imprinted at London, for William Copland*," *in* 34 *ſheets quarto, without date*, is ſtill preſerved among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays. The original whence this and other ſtories are taken, is ſo very old, that it was famous even in Chaucer's time.

This old poetical legend, Richard Johnſon imitated ſo cloſely in his Hiſtory of the Seven Champions, that the deſcription of the dragon ſlain by Sir Bevis is copied almoſt verbatim in that work. The hiſtory of the ſeven champions, being written juſt before the decline of books of chivalry, was never tranſlated into any foreign language; but "*Le Roman de Beuve of Hantonne*" was publiſhed at Paris, in 1502, quarto, *Let. Gothiques*.

A ſword of vaſt magnitude is ſhewn at Arundel Caſtle, which, they pretend, belonged to Sir Bevis; and the vaſt mound of earth, which is now converted into a wilderneſs at Bevis Mount, is ſuppoſed to have been thrown up by the Saxons, under the command of this champion, to oppoſe the paſſage of the Danes over the river, who lay encamped on the oppoſite ſhore.

I have ſeen an old book, without date, entitled, "The famous and renowned hiſ-

tory of *Sir Bevis of Southampton*," who, the writer obſerves, for his worthy exploits, and great actions, may be juſtly ranked with the beſt champions of Chriſtendom. He and his lady are there ſaid to have been buried at Southampton, with this epitaph.

" *Valour and beauty in this marble lies,*
" *The valiant, fair, the chaſte, the good the wiſe*
" *The matchleſs Bevis and his Queen lye here,*
" *Whoſe worthy fame the world has every where.*

At this day are two gigantic pictures to be ſeen, one of Bevis, the other of Aſcupart, on each ſide of the Bar-gate, Southampton, Concerning whom you may read this couplet.

" *Bevis conquered Aſcupart, and after ſlew the boar,*
" *And then he croſt beyond the ſeas, to combat with the Moore.*"

BEVIS HILL.

At the back of Bevis Mount, is a moſt elegant houſe built by Colonel Stibbert; now rented and ocupied by Thomas Rumbold, Eſq. Every thing is entirely new and highly finiſhed, in the moſt refined taſte. The ſhrubberies, thro' which ſerpentine walks lead you all round a beautiful lawn, are perhaps ſuperior in variety, in choice, and fine growth, to any in the county. At the bottom, the river Itching forms a kind of bay,

bay, ſkirted almoſt on all ſides with verdant fields, and hanging woods, in which river are kept many yachts, and pleaſuring boats; you have alſo a view of the dock at Chapel, where men of war are built; it is upon the whole a moſt delightful place.

SOUTH STONEHAM.

About three miles from Southampton, on the banks of the river Itching, is ſituated the houſe of Hans Sloane, Eſq; member of parliament for Newport, in the Iſle of Wight; which is a large and elegant manſion. It commands a delightful view of the river and its oppoſite diverſified banks. Gently-riſing hills, covered with a beautiful aſſemblage of trees, fields, farms, and cottages, compoſe the pleaſing ſcene. Add to this, the motion of veſſels and barges, whoſe ſwelling canvas courts the riſing breeze, and delights the eye of the ſpectator. Here, great quantities of good ſalmon are caught, which are ſold, at a very moderate price, at Southampton, and in the neighborhood.

As to proſpects, they are ſo numerous, ſo rich, and ſo diverſified, for ten miles round Southampton, that the ſcene is conſtantly ſhifting, and ſomething new, or before unobſerved, preſents itſelf to the eye of the delighted ſtranger every time he rides out.

NORTH

NORTH STONEHAM.

As you go on towards Wincheſter, about four miles from Southampton, is North Stoneham, the ſeat of John Fleming, Eſq; (member of parliament for Southampton.) The park is extenſive, and full of fine timber trees; but the houſe is in a low ſituation. There is an elegant ſummer-houſe, adjacent to the road, called the *Belvidere*, and very properly; becauſe you have from thence a very rich and diverſified proſpect, on every ſide. Mr. Brown, his Majeſty's gardener, has lately opened a fine proſpect from the houſe, and made ſeveral other very valuable improvements. Four miles farther, on the ſame road, is Cranbury, the ſeat of Thomas Lee Dummer, Eſq; a fine ſituation, which is receiving daily improvements from its affluent owner. The houſe is magnificently finiſhed. One of the rooms, in particular, is moſt ſplendidly decorated;—it is, in moſt reſpects like the Pantheon, and the pillars are of the ſame marmorean appearance. Only it is built on a ſmaller ſcale. The houſe commands a fine proſpect of Southampton water and the Iſle of Wight. In the park are ſome fine Ruins and an obeliſk.

HURS-

HURSLEY.

A few miles farther, to the north-weſt, Hurſley, the ſeat of Sir Thomas Heathcote, Bart. another charming ſituation. The houſe, which was built by the preſent Sir Thomas's father, appears very grand, and is elegantly furniſhed. Among ſeveral valuable paintings there is one of Oliver Cromwell, who had a houſe on or near the ſpot where the preſent manſion-houſe ſtands. The park is extenſive and diverſified with woods, &c. and well ſtocked with deer. The garden is in exceeding good order, in which is a good hot-houſe. Adjoining to the houſe is a very large baſon of water, ſurrounded with iron rails, which ſupplies it with that article. From thence I would adviſe gentlemen, in their airings, when they come by Mr. Fleming's Belvidere, to turn over Stoneham common, and, I am miſtaken if they are not highly delighted with the enchanting and varying proſpects they will enjoy, till they come to Milbrook, which is a ſmall village, about two miles from Southampton. From thence you have a fine view of the river, the foreſt, &c.

FREE-

FREEMANTLE.

About half a mile nearer Southampton, bordering on the river, is Freemantle, the ſeat of James Amyatt, Eſq; a pretty ſituation, well ſheltered with trees; there is a good garden, hot-houſe and ſhrubberies.

I muſt not forget to inform ladies and gentlemen, who are fond of fine proſpects, with which this country abounds, that, from Dibden church-yard, exactly oppoſite Southampton, on the foreſt ſide, is a very rich and diverſified one; and farther on, about five miles, is the manor of

BEAULIEU,

Which was formerly an abbey of Ciſtertian monks, founded by King John, by way of penance for ſtriking a monk of that order. The head of the houſe was a mitred abbot, who had a ſeat in the Houſe of Lords. It was endued with full privilege of ſanctuary (like that of Weſtminſter) even for high-treaſon. Perkin Warbeck, who perſonated the Duke of York, in the reign of Henry VII. took ſanctuary there, and was not ſurrendered, but on the King's promiſe to ſpare his life. At the diſſolution of monaſteries under Hen. VIII. it came into the hands of the Earl of Southampton, from whence

whence it was conveyed, by a marriage-contract, to an anceſtor of the late John Duke of Montagu, and was part of the jointure ſettled on the late Ducheſs, (one of the daughters of the celebrated duke of Marlborough); and conſequently, as the late Duke of Montagu had no male iſſue, deſcended to his two daughters, the preſent Ducheſs of Montagu, and Lady Beaulieu, who now hold it as coheireſſes. Lady Beaulieu was Ducheſs-Dowager of Mancheſter, and after married Sir Edward Huſſey, who was created an Engliſh Baron. Sir Edward took his title from this place. Thoſe which are ſuppoſed to have been the abbot's apartments are made the ſeat of the family when there. There are ſtill remaining the foundations of a wall, which encompaſſed the monaſtery, of about a mile in circumference. The graves of ſome of the abbots are yet diſtinguiſhable by ſtones over them, with inſcriptions in Saxon characters.

LYMINGTON.

Lymington is an ancient borough by preſcription; it was afterwards incorporated, to be governed by a mayor, aldermen, and and twelve capital burgeſſes, by whom the mayor is choſen, and ſworn at the court-leet of the lord of the manor. It is ſituated on an eminence, from whence there is a fine proſpect of the Iſle of Wight, to which there

there is a ſmall paſſage by ſea, cloſe by the celebrated rocks called the Needles. Here are ſalt-works, which uſed to ſupply the greateſt part of England with that uſeful article. The ſalt is ſaid to be the beſt in the kingdom, great quantities being uſed all along the coaſt in curing the fiſh which is annually ſent to the Streights. Here is a good dock, where many merchant ſhips are built, and the ſea is navigable up to the quay for veſſels of conſiderable burden. This town gives the title of Viſcount to the Portſmouth family. It is about eighteen miles from Southampton.

LYNDHURST.

In the road to Romſey, about eight miles from Lymington, is Lyndhurſt, an exceedingly pleaſant village, ſituated nearly in the middle of the foreſt; here the King has a houſe, which has of late years been the ſummer reſidence of their R. H. the Duke and Ducheſs of Glouceſter. The houſe is indifferent; but the ſtables are ſpacious and lofty. Adjacent to the village is Foxleaſe, the ſeat of Sir Philip Clerk Jennings, which is ſurrounded with woods, without any extenſive proſpects. About a mile from the village, to the north, is the ſeat of Compton Willis, Eſq; a very pretty ſituation. Near this houſe, on an eminence, is a moſt extenſive

tenſive, diverſified, and enchanting proſpect. It is worth while to ride from Southampton to enjoy it. But the fineſt proſpect in this part of the country, which is an evening proſpect, is from Tachbury Houſe, in Eling pariſh, about two miles from Totton.

STONY CROSS.

There is alſo another very fine proſpect on the road from Southampton to Ringwood, at Stony Croſs, very well worth riding there to enjoy it. About a quarter of a mile hence ſtood the tree from whence Tyrrel's arrow glanced which killed William Rufus; on the very ſpot where the tree ſtood is erected a wooden pillar, by the Delawar family, with an inſcription, relating the circumſtances of this accident. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the various pleaſant rides one may take through the foreſt. Fine glades, venerable woods, elegant cottages, lodges, deers, &c. form a beautiful whole.

At Brockenhurſt is a very fine houſe, the ſeat of Edward Morant, Eſq; and a pretty romantic ſituation, the ſeat of Capt. Dalrymple. Bolton Lodge is likewiſe a ſant place; ſo is Bolderwood, the reſidence of Lord Delawar. Ironhill is another pretty ſituation. Here and there, as you ride through the foreſt, you meet with ſuch

fine ſituations, and enchanting *coups-d'œil*, as makes you wiſh to ſee houſes ſtand on them. And indeed it is a ſhame to ſee ſuch tracts of land, which might be incloſed and cultivated to very great advantage, or thickly planted with trees, lie a barren waſte, while the public clamor is againſt a ſcarcity of proviſions.

The officers of the Foreſt are, a warden, (the preſent Duke of Glouceſter holds that office), four verdurers, two rangers, a bow-bearer, and nine keepers; the whole being divided into nine walks.—The court is held at Lyndhurſt.

REDBRIDGE.

Redbridge lies on the borders of the foreſt, at the concurrence of the Teſt and Southampton rivers. It had formerly a ſmall abbey. A pretty good trade is carried on here in coals, timber, and corn.

TESTWOOD.

About half a mile north weſt of this village is Teſtwood, the ſeat of Peter Serle, Eſq; one of the pleaſanteſt and moſt completely finiſhed places in the country. The plan was laid out by Mr. Brown, the king's gardener at Kew and Hampton Court. The houſe is new, well built, and elegantly furniſhed

niſhed. The ſhrubberies near the houſe, and the plantations round a moſt beautiful lawn, together with the proſpect of hanging woods on every ſide, which form a kind of amphitheatre round it, except towards Redbridge, where you have a proſpect of the river, the bridge, and the ſhipping, form a delightful ſcene. On the north-weſt Tachbury Houſe, ſituated on a high emieminence, and on the north, Romſey and Nurſling churches, Grove Place, and Rownham, are very fine objects.

The river Teſt, which runs near the houſe, and two fine bridges built over it, greatly add to the beauty of the place.

PAULTONS.

About three miles farther, on the Saliſbury road, is Paultons, the ſeat of the Rt. Hon. Hans Stanley, Eſq; member of parliament for Southampton, and governor of the Iſle of Wight for life. The lawns are beautiful and extenſive, and terminated on all ſides by exceedingly fine timber trees and exotics. An artificial piece of water well ſtocked with fiſh, ſerpentining round the houſe at a diſtance, over which are two or three bridges, one built after thoſe at Teſtwood, adds greatly to the ſcene. The avenues to the houſe are planted with fine large fir trees.

TOOTHILL.

The ride from Southampton to Romſey is delightfully pleaſant. About three miles, on the right hand, if you quit the turnpike-road, and ride as far as Toothill, it is impoſſible to conceive what delightful proſpects occaſionally open to your view. Extenſive, diverſified, rich, and luxuriant. They are morning proſpects. Every man of taſte will thank me for the information. Here are the veſtiges of a Daniſh camp.

ROMSEY

Is about ſeven miles from Southampton. Here King Edgar founded a monaſtery of Benedictine nuns. The bodies of Mereninna and Elfreda, two virgin ſaints were buried here, A. D. 907. In the 47th of Henry III. letters patents were granted to the abbeſs, allowing her the privilege of erecting gallows on her manors. King Stephen's only daughter was abbeſs of this nunnery, whom Matthew, ſon to the Earl of Flanders, carried privately away and married; but he was ſo terrified, by the threats of the church, that, after he had two children by her, he permitted her to return to her former reſidence.

The

The church is a noble old building, well arched with free-ſtone, in the ſame taſte and manner as the oldeſt part of Wincheſter cathedral. On the outſide of the north croſs are the marks of cannon-balls, which, in the civil wars, were fired to batter down the church, but they did no damage. Here was born the famous mathematician, Sir William Petty, from whom are deſcended the preſent Earls of Shelburne. There is a conſiderable manufacture of ſhalloons, called ratinets, carried on in this town, which employs above 500 people.

BROADLANDS.

Within a quarter of a mile is the ſeat of Lord Viſcount Palmerſton, the deſcendant of the illuſtrious Sir William Temple. The houſe is juſt finiſhed, in the higheſt taſte. The chimney-pieces, and the doors, which are all of mahogany, carved, and the floors, all of fine wainſcot, merit particular notice. The India paper is rich and well fancied, and the furniture is conſiſtent with the houſe.

The gardens are kept in excellent order; here are good hot and green houſes; and, in the year 1773, the author of this had the pleaſure of ſeeing here an American aloe in full bloom.

The river Teſt, which runs juſt by, winds and meanders as if it was loth to leave ſo fine a place. However, the lawns, tho' made moſt of, are too much confined.

The elegant compoſition which graces the late Lady Palmerſton's monument, in Romſey church, will remain alſo a laſting proof of his tender love and cultivated genius.

TICHFIELD HOUSE.

Tichfield is a pleaſant little town, about ten miles from Southampton, on the eaſt. Tichfield Houſe is ſituated on the ſpot where ſtood formerly an abbey of Præmonſtratenſian canons, built, anno 1231, by Peter de Rupibus, or De La Roche, Biſhop of Wincheſter, who obtained this manor of King Henry III. It was dedicated to the honor of the Virgin Mary. According to Stowe, Henry the Sixth's marriage with Margaret of Anjou was celebrated here. And here K. Charles I. was concealed in his flight from Hampton Court. It belongs, at preſent, to Mr. Delme *.

A few miles from Tichfield ſtand the grand ruins of the Biſhop of Wincheſter's houſe, near Waltham. Here died, anno 404, aged 80 years, William of Wykeham, Biſhop of Wincheſter, ſo famous for his ſkill

* Vid. Groſe's Antiq.

in

in architecture, to whoſe direction King Edward III. entruſted the re-edification of Windſor Caſtle. As he expended, in repairs and new buildings on his biſhopric, above 20,000 marks, this houſe was not neglected, as it was his favorite reſidence, and in the neighborhood of Wykeham, the place of his birth.

PORCHESTER CASTLE, *near* PORTSMOUTH,

Is about 18 miles from Southampton. It is ſaid to have been built by Gurgunſtus, ſon of Beline, who lived 375 years before Chriſt. It was likewiſe, according to tradition, the place where Veſpaſian landed. It had then a famous harbor; but the ſea retiring, the inhabitants left the place, and removed to the iſland of Portſey.

The caſtle is a ſquare, whoſe internal ſides meaſure 440 feet; its area contains four acres, four chains, and ſeven perches. It has 18 towers of various ſhapes and magnitudes, and two ſallee ports. The pariſh-church of Porcheſter has manifeſt marks of great antiquity. In it is a curious font, and alſo, the monument of Sir Thomas Cornwallis, Knight, groom-porter to Queen Elizabeth and King James I.

In the year 1761, there were more than 4000 French priſoners confined in the caſtle.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

IF Southampton is ſituated in a country full of charming walks and rides, perſons of a nautical genius will find as great a variety of objects and pleaſing views in their ſailing parties; particularly, from Southampton towards the Iſle of Wight, the firſt object that attracts your notice is the mouth of the river Itchin, which forms, as it were, a beautiful area of limpid water, to a moſt pictureſque diverſified amphitheatrical ſcene, of elegant cottages, verdant lawns, fields, and trees, irregularly intermixed.

A very genteel houſe, belonging to Mr. Dummer, and ſituated on the top of a gradual acclivity, forms part of this rich proſpect. About two or three miles beyond, on the ſame ſide, (N. E.), you diſcover the ſolemnly-gloomy, awful, venerable remains of Netley Abbey, which, amidſt trees and ivy, retain an air of grandeur and dignity, exceedingly adapted to inſpire religious fear and ſober ſadneſs.—Ivy, the grey hairs of ancient buildings, ſerves only to increaſe our veneration.—No wonder that even the ſailor, ſtruck with a kind of

reverential

reverential fear, whenever he paſſes by this grand monument of antiquity,

"*Leans on his oar, and wonders what he feels.*"

About three miles farther, on the oppoſite ſide, Mr. Drummond, the banker, is (1775) erecting a noble manſion-houſe, which, when finiſhed, will be equal to the firſt in this neighborhood, and will command a proſpect of Spithead, the Iſle of Wight, the oppoſite luxuriant ſhore, and the river. The next object, on the ſame ſide, is Calſhot Caſtle, which has been lately much improved, and, at a diſtance, ſeems to be floating in the water. On the ſame ſide as Netley Abbey, and but a few miles farther, is Hamble; the church of which, having a large ſquare tower, as well as that of Fawley, on the oppoſite ſhore, ſerve to diverſify the ſcene. About a mile behind Calſhot Caſtle, juſt oppoſite Weſt Cowes, on the ſouth ſhore of Fawley, the Hon. Temple Luttrell has lately built a very high tower, which commands a very extenſive proſpect, and is a beautiful object from the Iſle of Wight.

Several gentlemen in this neighborhood keep yachts on purpoſe for theſe pleaſurable excurſions. Mr. Dummer, in particular, has one moſt elegantly fitted up and genteelly furniſhed. When you come to Calſhot

ſhot Caſtle, you diſcover Spithead and its floating caſtles a few miles towards the eaſt. A moſt grand and ſtriking ſight!—Ineffable were the big conceptions of the reflecting man, at the late naval review, when this ſcene of wonder burſt upon his ſight, and Britiſh thunder announced to the frightened ſhores of France, that their lord and maſter, the monarch of the ſeas, was riding triumphant among the bulwarks of Britain, amidſt the wild acclamations of the overjoyed multitudes. You land at Cowes, 16 miles diſtant from Southampton. There are two towns of that name, viz. Eaſt and Weſt Cowes, ſituated at the entrance of Newport river, one on each ſhore. There is a conſiderable trade carried on here; and there is a caſtle and garriſon.

There were formerly two caſtles, built by Henry VIII, about the year 1539, to ſecure the coaſts from foreign invaſions, with which they were then threatened.

That on the eaſt ſide has been long totally demoliſhed, and the materials have been carried away, ſome within the memory of perſons now living, to build a houſe at Newport, and for other erections. The place ſtill retains the name of Old Caſtle Point. There are ſome Latin verſes, made by Leland, relating to thoſe caſtles, which are thus tranſlated by Biſhop Gibſon:

"The

" *The two great Cowes that in loud thunder roar,*
" *This on the eaſtern, that the weſtern, ſhore,*
" *Where Newport enters—ſtately Wight.*"

Weſt Cowes Caſtle, at preſent, conſiſts of a ſmall ſtone houſe, having, on its north front, a ſemicircular battery, built likewiſe with ſtones, and pierced for eight guns.

From Weſt Cowes to Newport, by land, is about five miles, exceedingly good road; or, you may go by water, up a very pleaſant river. Newport is a large and populous town, well built, chiefly with ſtones, and pleaſantly ſituated, nearly about the middle of the iſland. It is governed by a mayor, aldermen, &c. Many perſons of quality live in and near the town, who have all the pleaſures, diverſions and amuſements the beſt towns enjoy in England. Veſſels of ſmall burden, and barges, come up to the quay from Cowes.

About a mile ſouth of the town, on an eminence, ſtands Cariſbrook Caſtle. Here was, it was ſaid, a caſtle or fort built by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when this iſland was ſubdued by Veſpaſian, anno 45, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. It was afterwards rebuilt by Whitgar, who, according to Stowe, was king of the iſland about the year 519.

It was a ſecond time re-edified, by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonſhire, and a third

a third time, by the governor of the iſland.

Some great repairs were done here by Queen Elizabeth. In a ſhield, over the outer gate, is the date 159, (the remaining figure is ſo overgrown with ivy as to be illegible); beneath this are the initials, E. R. and under them the figures 40. Perhaps ſhe built this gate and the outer works, which have a more modern appearance than the other parts of the edifice. Here is a ſmall chapel, with a burial ground, walled in; over the door is carved, G. 2, 1738. At preſent, there is no ſervice in it, though there is a farm in the iſland, the tythes of which, amounting to 12 l. per ann. belong to it.

From the Keep, there is a moſt extenſive proſpect; the ſea being viſible to the north, eaſt, and ſouth, but hidden on the weſt by a hill.

Here was formerly a well, ſaid to be 300 feet deep, which is now filled with rubbiſh. But there is another 210 feet deep, covered with a houſe. A pin thrown into it is near four ſeconds of time in falling, and when it ſtrikes the water, emits a very loud ſound; the water is drawn by means of a wheel worked by an aſs.

In this caſtle ſtate-priſoners were formerly confined. In Richard the Third's time, the Earl of Arundel was kept priſoner here till he was condemned and beheaded. And,

in

in 1648, Charles I. was impriſoned here for the ſpace of eight months by the governor, Colonel Hammond. He meditated, and twice, at leaſt, attempted his eſcape, without ſucceſs.

I ſhall here abridge the ſtory out of Clarendon. One Oſborne, a gentleman, had been, upon recommendation, appointed his gentleman uſher, and, by his gentle behaviour, had inſenſibly gained the eſteem of that unfortunate monarch.

Wiſhing to render him all the ſervice in his power, he put a billet into one of his majeſty's gloves, which it was his duty to hold, ſignifying his kind intentions. The king was, at firſt, afraid of treachery, but, at length, convinced of his ſincerity, admitted him into his confidence. Meanwhile, one Rolph, a captain of the garriſon, communicated to Oſborne a deſign he had of enticing the king from the caſtle, under pretence of procuring his eſcape, but, in reality, to murder him. To this he was induced by hopes of promotion from the parliament.

Of this Oſborne acquainted his majeſty, who directed him, apparently, to forward the ſcheme, as it might prove inſtrumental to his flight. One Dowcet and other ſoldiers were alſo prevailed on by Oſborne to aſſiſt him in favoring the king's flight, who were to be centinels near the window,

while the king, provided with a ſaw and file, was to cut the iron bar, and ſo eſcape.

With great labour his majeſty ſawed the bar aſunder, and Oſborne waited to receive him; but, in the interim, one of the ſoldiers inadvertently mentioned ſome particulars to Rolph, which made him ſuſpect his ſcheme was diſcovered; he immediately poſted himſelf, and others on whom he could rely, near the window, armed with piſtols.

At midnight the king came to the window, but diſcovering more than the ordinary centinels, he ſuſpected his deſign was known, ſhut the window and retired to bed. Rolph immediately diſcovered the plot; Oſborne fled, but Dowcet was taken and impriſoned. But Oſborne laying the whole affair before the Houſe of Lords, Rolph was ordered to be tried at the General Aſſizes at Wincheſter, where the grand jury found an ignoramus on the bill.

On the 30th of the ſame month, the king was removed to Hurſt Caſtle, from thence to Windſor, and thence to London, where he was tried, condemned, and beheaded.

About ſeven miles north-eaſt from Newport, is Nunwell in Brading pariſh, near the extreme part of the iſland, the ſeat of Sir William Oglander, Bt. The houſe is ſituated in a vale, ſurrounded with woods and downs, in a beautiful variety. From the

the downs you have a moſt extenſive and diverſified proſpect. You have a view of Portſmouth, Spithead, Portſdown, Chicheſter ſteeple, and of great part of Suſſex on the oppoſite ſhore; and beneath, are woods, meadows, and corn fields interſperſ d with farm houſes on the north; and, on the north eaſt, a boundleſs proſpect of the ſea, Sandown Fort, and the moſt fertile vale imaginable, ſheltered on all ſides by guardian-hills.

About three miles from hence is Priory, the ſeat of Mr. Groſe, a moſt romantic and pleaſant ſituation. It overlooks St. Helen's road, and commands a fine proſpect. Though ſeated on a lofty craggy eminence, here are very fine fiſh-ponds and good water.

Towards the ſouth-eaſt part is the ſeat of Governor Stanley, called Steeple, the admiration of ſtrangers and foreigners. Here he has had the honor to entertain, at different times, ſeveral foreign ambaſſadors, and other perſons of rank, who unite in praiſing this wildly romantic ſpot, where art conſpires with nature to make every thing appear awfully grand and irregularly beautiful. The houſe is an elegant cottage, and the plantations conſiſt of American and other exotic plants, watered by a caſcade falling from a ſupereminent rock.

Farther on is the magnificent ſeat of Sir Richard Worſley, Bart. The houſe is large and very elegantly finiſhed. Sir Richard has juſt finiſhed it in the higheſt taſte, and decorated it with fine paintings. The park is very extenſive, and boaſts a rich variety of lawns, rocks, woods, &c. Some of the beech trees are, perhaps, finer than any in England. To deſcribe the whole as it deſerves would take up a volume. I ſhall therefore recommend the ſtranger by all means to viſit this delightful place and enjoy its beauties on the ſpot. I ſhall alſo forbear, for want of room, to give any farther account of other gentlemen's ſeats, many of which, beſides theſe, are very well worth ſeeing. And I am perſuaded that every man of taſte, after he has viſited theſe, will have curioſity enough to view the remaining part of the iſland.

A large ridge of hills runs through the iſland, from eaſt to weſt. In the ſouthern part is found fine tobacco-pipe clay, of which they export great quantities; as alſo a fine white ſand wherewith glaſs is made. Every part of the iſland is well fortified by nature, and, on the ſouth part has a wildly-pleaſing aſpect.

On the weſt are the Needles, ſeveral large chalky rocks, one of which (which was near 200 feet high from the baſis) fell about two years

years ago. On the north eaſt are the brambles, and on the eaſt the mixen.

The whole iſland is about 60 miles in circumference. It has a moſt beautiful appearance, and, next to Sicily, is perhaps the moſt fruitful ſpot in Europe.

Newport, Yarthmouth, and Newtown, ſend members to parliament.

When the Phænicians traded to Cornwall for tin, and other commodities, they often carried them from Lymington to Yarmouth in carts and on horſes, that part of the river being then fordable at low water. But the ſea has ſince greatly gained on the land, ſo that ſhips of great burthen may ſail any where in the channel.

The going out and coming in of the Stage-Coaches, Waggons, Packet Boats, perpetual Tide Table, *and* Poſt; *with the* Rates of Chairs.

CHAP. VII.

BAKER, MARTIN, and CO.'s Diligence to LONDON

SETS out from the George Inn, without Bar Gate, every morning, (Sundays excepted), at Seven o'Clock, thro' Winton, Farnham, and Guildford, to the Croſs Keys Inn, Woodſtreet, three doors from Cheapſide, London; and from thence to Southampton, at Six o'clock. Calls at the Swan Tavern, Weſtminſter Bridge, for paſſengers and parcels; and any paſſengers may be taken up between Cheapſide and Weſtminſter on giving notice. Each paſſenger is allowed 20 lb. of luggage; all over to be paid for, at 1 d per lb. The fare is 20 s. or 3 d. per mile. The proprietors pay turnpikes and drivers.

It might be thought partial in the Author if he did not take notice of another Diligence to London;—but he can only mention it as a temporary oppoſition, in order to deprive the traveller of this agreeable and expeditious mode of conveyance, which has not ſucceeded.

COL-

COLLIER's Stage-Coach to LONDON

Sets out from the Star Inn, Southampton, at half paſt five o'clock, every morning, (Sundays excepted), dines at the Buſh, Farnham, and arrives at the Bell Savage, Ludgate Hill, about eight in the evening; ſets out from thence at five in the morning, and arrives at Southampton the ſame evening. The fare to Southampton is 16 s.; to Winton, 14 s.

ROGERS's and CO.'s Stage-Coach to LONDON

Sets out from the Mitre Inn, Southampton, at half paſt five o'clock, every morning, (Sundays excepted), dines at the White Hart, at Hook, and arrives at the Roſe, Holborn Bridge, about eight in the evening; and ſets out from thence at five in the morning. The fare to Southampton is 16 s.; to Winton, 14 s.

ROGERS's Stage Coach to LYMINGTON

Sets out from the Coach-and-Horſes, Southampton, at eight o'clock in the morning, on Tueſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays, and arrives at the Angel Inn, Lymington, about 12 o'clock; returns to Southampton the ſame evening. The fare to Lymington is 5 s.

GOS-

GOSPORT Stage to SALISBURY

Sets out from the White Lion at Goſport, at five o'clock, on Monday and Thurſdays, and ſtops at the Coach-and-Horſes, Southhampton, and arrives at the White Hart, at Sarum, the ſame evening, and returns Tueſdays and Fridays. The fare to Sarum is 10 s. 6 d.; to Southampton, 5 s. 3 d.

SALISBURY DILIGENCE

Sets out from the Coach-and-Horſes, Southhampton, on Mondays and Thurſdays, at 10 o'Clock, and, from the Red Lion, Saliſbury, on Saturdays and Wedneſdays, at 3 o'Clock in the afternoon; carries three paſſengers at 5 s. 3 d. each.

ASTLET's LONDON Waggon

Sets out from the Royal George, Southampton, on Saturday at 10 o'clock, goes thro' Swathling, Twyford, Alresfod, Farnham, &c. and arrives at the Oxford Arms, Warwick Lane, London, on Tueſday about two o'clock; returns from thence on Wedneſday morning at nine o'clock, and gets to Southampton on Friday evening, and takes in goods at the New White Horſe Cellar, Piccadilly, at 3 s. 6 d. per 100 wt.

HOOP-

HOOPER's London Waggon

Sets out from the George Inn, Southampton, every Monday and Wedneſday morning, thro' Winton and Farnham, and arrives at the Roſe Inn, Holborn Bridge, London, every Wedneſday and Friday noon; and returns from thence every Thurſday and Saturday morning. Carries goods at 3 s. 6 d. per 100 wt.

COLLINS's Reading Waggon

Sets out from the Royal George, Southampton, on Monday morning, goes through Winton and Baſingſtoke, and gets to the Broadface, Reading, Wedneſday noon, and ſets out for Southampton on Thurſday morning. Goods and paſſengers are forwarded from Reading to Birmingham.

JUD's Salisbury Waggon

Sets out from the Red Lion, Sarum, Tueſday and Saturday evenings, and arrives at the Royal George, Southampton, on Monday morning and Wedneſday noon, and ſets out to Sarum Monday and Thurſday, about 10 o'clock.

COLLCUTT's Oxford Waggon

Arrives from Oxford on Thurſday, at the Royal George, Southampton, about nine in the

the morning, and ſets out from thence about noon, the ſame day, and goes thro' Whitchurch, Newbury, and Abington. Goods and paſſengers are hereby forwarded from Oxford to Birmingham.

The Packet-boats ſail to the Iſle of Wight every evening, Mondays excepted.

The Hoys ſail to Portſmouth, Monday, Wedneſday, and Friday, and return from thence, Tueſday, Thurſday, and Saturday.

A perpetual TIDE TABLE for High Water at SOUTHAMPTON.

Moon's Age.	Time of High Water. Morn.	Aft. N.	Moon's Age.	Time of High Water. Morn.	Aft. N.
0	11 0	11 25	15	11 5	11 30
1	11 50		16	11 55	
2	0 15	0 40	17	0 20	0 45
3	1 5	1 30	18	1 10	1 35
4	1 55	2 20	19	2 0	2 25
5	2 45	3 10	20	2 50	3 15
6	3 35	4 0	21	3 40	4 5
7	4 25	4 50	22	4 30	4 55
8	5 15	5 40	23	5 20	5 45
9	6 5	6 30	24	6 10	6 35
10	6 55	7 20	25	7 0	7 25
11	7 45	8 10	26	7 50	8 15
12	8 35	9 0	27	8 40	9 5
13	9 25	9 50	28	9 30	9 55
14	10 15	10 40	29	10 20	10 45

N. B. Low Water is always 5 hours after every High Water.

The

The MAIL

Arrives every evening from London, about nine o'clock, Mondays excepted, and goes out every morning, except Saturdays, at the following hours, viz.

Sunday at ten o'clock.

Monday, Wedneſday, and Friday, } at half paſt nine.

Tueſday and Thurſday, at twelve.

Sunday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday, } to and from Saliſbury.

Sunday, Wedneſday, and Friday, } to the weſtern counties, viz. Cornwall, Devonſhire, Somerſetſhire, Dorſetſhire, and Wiltſhire.

Sunday, Tueſday, and Thurſday, } arrives from the weſtern counties.

Sunday, Tueſday, and Thurſday, } to Portſmouth, Goſport, Tichfield, Fareham, and Waltham.

Sunday, Wedneſday, and Friday, } returns from thence.

Sunday, Wedneſday, and Friday, } to Lyndhurſt and Lymington.

Sunday, Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Friday, } returns from thence.

RATES

RATES of the CHAIRS.

	s.	d.
From any part of the Town to Above Bar Gate, —	0	9
From ditto to St. Mary's, —	1	0
To or from the Rooms, or any part of the Town, within the Gates,	0	6

Double fare after 11 o'Clock at night, except from the Rooms, on Tueſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays; on thoſe nights only ſingle fare.

If kept waiting, 1 s. 6 d. for the firſt hour, and 1 s. for every hour after. A chair may be hired on the ſame terms.

Double fare to ſtop and get out; if only ſtop a ſhort time, and not get out, but ſingle fare.

MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM